

Stop Moving

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37023169) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37023169>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Smut , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Hand Jobs , Dirty Talk , Dry Humping , Voyeurism , Semi-Public Sex , Alternate Universe - Road Trip , Car Sex , Brat GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , george has to sit in dreams lap during a road trip , Awkward Boners
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-10 Chapters: 1/2 Words: 6310

Stop Moving

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Soundlessly gaping feeling a twitch under his left ass cheek, he can feel Dream's bulge growing right under him.

Warm fuzz washed over his head, making the tips of his ear flash bright crimson. Almost in a haze wanting to move his hips to prove his suspicion, starting to do so before stuttering when Dreams blunt nails dug into his clothed thighs, shoving George away from his groin, "George," the blond whispers sternly, like a warning, "Stop moving like that."

"I'm not doing anything."

Or, George has to sit in Dream's lap during a road trip, you can imagine what happens.

Notes

yall screamed at me to post this now, so here you go, now we can stop yelling

[MY TWITTER](#)

He hated road trips.

He especially hated them when the car wasn't big enough.

“No way, Dream can sit in *my* lap.” George huffed, sun heating the back of his nape, squinting his eyes to look at the blond in front of him.

Sapnap and Karl oh-so-desperately wanted to go camping, not having half a brain cell between them to figure their luggage would take up half the car. Stacked to the brim with shit George would deem unnecessary.

Dream he's known for years, befriending him when moving to the states as a kid, so in all fairness, it wouldn't be the end of the world. The other two he met looking for roommates in uni at the beginning of his studies.

“Oh my god, are you stupid?” Dream snarked back, wafting the hem of his hoodie to accommodate the humid air. Karl just let out a dry laugh at the scene, dragging slender fingers over the tailgate of the car, circling around the vehicle to sit in the passenger seat wordlessly.

Parting reddened lips to respond before the car horn makes them flinch, “Dude, George, of course you have to sit on top,” Sapnap called out from the driver's side, “Dream would crush you.”

He knew they were right, he knew he would be the one thrown to sit in someone's lap in a situation like this. Still, he wrinkles his nose like a bratty kid, swearing under his breath watching Dream's fingers wrap around the door handle, opening it with a faint smirk dancing on his face.

The car bounced slightly with the new weight of a certain tall blond. Scoffing from the visual, George pulled up his sweats trekking towards the backseats, staring at the man with this mean glint to his eye, “Push your hips out, dumbass.” If he were gonna sit on someone, he'd at least sit comfortably.

Dream just sighed with a roll to his eyes, spreading his thighs to shift his lower region forward,

holding his hands up in the air to let George climb in. Bending his head to enter, chocolate tufts grazing the roof of the car. A little spark of canary awkwardness tickled his gut as he placed his foot between Dream's legs, pale hands gripping around the passenger headrest to steady himself.

The blond's hands drifted down to ghost George's sides to help him in, quickly removing them as fast as they came. The action lit this muted tension, it's nothing inherently wrong trying to help – but how Dream touched him like he was made out of lava made the brunet tense.

Clearing his throat sinking down, gradually feeling warm thighs on the underside of his own. Digging nails into the fabric of the headrest, trying to softly sit down to not think of the blond's groin hitting directly on his ass. Swallowing around nothing, leaning back – hard torso hitting his shoulder blades.

Dream's mouth right by his left ear, hearing every single breath he would take when Sapnap spoke up, “Good, now put the seatbelt on, I'm not trying to get us fucking stopped.”

Jumping as the blond spoke right in his ear, voice seemingly murkier this close, “Alright.” Dream cautiously wrapped his fingers around George's hipbone to hold him in place, leaning forward to jerk the car door shut – bending the brunet a little, feeling the man's stomach flush to his back.

The hand on his hip splayed out to graze the tips of his fingers on George's lower abdomen, pushing him further back. Dream's heartbeat thumping into his left shoulder, his own pulse quickening from the aura around them – like walking on eggshells.

The car door shut closed with a thud, the motor rumbling alive with a flick to the engine. Not really caring for what the two boys in front were talking about as vibrations buzzed through his bones, shifting his hips – immediately biting his tongue not wanting to rub up on the other.

Dream tightened the fingers on George's tummy, dragging the seat belt out as the car started driving. The harsh nylon belt glided over his neck, digging into his collar bones. Tan hand skimming over his midsection, squeezing down on the brunet's hip again, pressing them harder together like gum – fastening it by clicking the lock in place.

The blond let go of his hold when done, limply letting his arms hang in the air to not touch the smaller.

It was so painfully awkward.

Almost resting his head back in the curve of Dreams neck, “You can touch me, like, it’s fine to rest your hands on me, instead of sitting like *that* .” And it was fine, they were quite literally just forced to sit close, no need to make it strange if it didn’t have to be.

Or so he told himself.

Dreams sternum vibrated between the smaller man’s shoulder blades as he spoke, “Just don’t wanna make it weird,” regardless, the blond sank back into the seat, shifting his hips making George sway. Hands snaking up to rest on top of either of his slender thighs – right over his knees, not too close for discomfort, “Trust me, I don’t like this either.” Dream finished with a sigh.

“How is it weird?”

The blond laughed at that, harshly rutting his crotch up to make George fall forward, catching himself on the back of the passenger seat with a sound, “What the fuck Dream!”

Sizable hands traveling up his thighs, over the bend between his legs and abdomen, up to grab his slime sides – dragging him back up flushed against a hard chest, mumbling into the brunets ear, “You’re sitting on my *lap* , George, that’s why it’s weird.”

Apples of his cheeks tinting with hues of crimson, large fingers holding around his waist never leaving. Stuttering his breath in pure embarrassment, looking down to watch how Dreams hands covered his torso, “Idiot, don’t do that–”

“You guys alright?” Karl interrupted from the front.

“Mhm.” Both boys mumbled in unison, broad hands carefully gliding down to rest on his upper thigh.

Now that Dream mentioned it, yeah, yeah the situation could be looked at weird.

The first half-hour wasn't that bad.

Trying to relax his muscles, tense from the tension. Both boys seemingly getting comfortable just touching, golden hands resting on his body, himself sinking into the blond.

It was nothing out of the ordinary.

“Hey, Karl?” George asked, peeling off the tan arm that was thrown over his midsection – like Dream was just using him as a life-sized pillow trying to sleep.

Clicking down the red button, the seat belt falling off them with a sound, leaning forward slightly to hear the other brunet better, “Can I put on music?”

Softly a hand made its way on the side of his thigh, the other gingerly on his hip. George pushed forward towards the mid console in the car when Karl let out a hum in agreement – cool air hitting a slither of alabaster skin on his lower back where his hoodie rode up from the movement.

Nothing caring for the position, or rather noticing, resting his elbows between the two front seats. Dream's hand on his thigh flew away to not get caught in between George's half-folded body, ending up just holding the brunet by his hips.

Brown eyes widen for a split second realizing how they're sat, stiffening before acting nonchalantly, “I-uh, give me the aux.”

Thumbs softly slothd themselves in the bend of George's hip and thighs, Dream's other fingers splayed out on his love handles. It felt warm, sending unwanted goosebumps on the top of his scalp.

Breeze hitting his lower back where his hoodie rides up more, stretching to grab the cord from Karl with a little cough – pushing harder back against Dream over the action, biting his tongue to pretend like nothing, to pretend like his ass isn't bent over the blonds fucking groin, holding on to him by his hips.

Twirling the aux between his thumb and pointer, hard plastic smooth under his fingertips. A small

quiver to his hands trying to put the plug in his phone, Dreams own hand skimmed up his spine, skin on skin contact making his flesh burn. It didn't last long as the blond's mission was to grab the hem of George's hoodie, pulling it down again – hand finding home on his hipbone quickly, leaving an almost not noticeable squeeze there.

Connecting the aux to his phone, hastily opened Spotify to shuffle play one of his playlists – not caring for what it is.

Chocolate eyes drifting to Sapnap, seeing him chewing away on some mint gum watching the road silently. Slowly looking up to the rearview mirror, he found the blond's head tilted back against the headrest elongating his tan neck, Adam's apple bobbing – but pricing green eyes staring down at the boy's two connected bodies.

A slight wrinkle to a golden brow, lips barely parted. All colors falling over him in confusion, watching Dream *watching him* – or more specificity, the curve of his lower body. A bump in the road breaks him out of this little heated bubble flaring up his chest, biting back a gasp getting jolted once – hurriedly clicking shuffle on his list to distract from the awkwardness of getting bounced like this.

On top of Dream.

Rough hands squeezed where they were holding him by the hip, Dream snapped his eyes up to meet Georges in the mirror, jade and brown irises mixing in earthy colors. Green eyes dark staring the brunet down, some old shit rap music filling the speaker, never relenting their gazes.

Dream flicked out a golden tongue to wet his lips, tightening his fingers around George before looking down at his own crotch, then out the window like nothing weird was happening between them.

Sapnap sang along to the music but he tuned it out as he went to sit back up, slowly rising from the mid console. For every inch he moved up, Dream pushed the brunet's hips forward – sliding the smaller down his thigh so he *wouldn't* sit directly on the blond's groin.

Hiccuping his breath as lewd thoughts entered his mind, trying not to think about them, he *shouldn't* think like that. His back hitting Dreams chest for the tenth time. The man under him wasn't hard, he would have felt it – but his stupid mind couldn't stop thinking about it, couldn't stop getting hypersensitive to every curve of Dreams body pressed against his own, how his bulge was flushed right up against his left ass cheek.

How it felt more prominent.

Not hard, just—

Stop.

Swallowing down thick syrup, throat drying as his gut cribbles faintly. Hands back on top of his thighs, sizable fingers splaying out, thumbs dipping down on either one of George's inner thighs. Brown eyes observing like a hawk with parted lips, how the man covers most of the surface.

The thumbs ever-so-slowly circled once almost shyly, his mind exploding with hot pink. How just a small teasing movement (that could get passed off as an accident) made his pulse quicken.

George pressed his upper body into Dream's chest, not saying anything. Hearing coarse breathing by his ear, the blond's left hand awfully slow fists up, scraping his blunt nails over Georges clothed inner thigh on its way, he flexed the muscles there in response with a cough, acting like it didn't affect him.

Just his right hand holding on top George's right thigh, the other loosely in a clenched fist on top of the left. Hitting another speed bump on the road makes him flutter his eyes, jolting on top of the blond, feeling that god-forsaken bulge again. Not hard, just more *prominent*, leaving him wondering if this pink tension he's feeling was a one-way thing.

But it definitely felt bigger now, than it did when he first got in the ca—

“You guys wanna stop for food in a bit?” Sapnap asked from the driver's seat.

Rough voice speaking up under him, dripping with honey, “Yeah, food would be chill, I need some air.” Moving his hand up just a slither, sinful fingers almost gracing the bend of George's inner thigh and junk.

A deep breath escaped from the brunet's parted lips, panicked about his cock stirring to life over all the notion, how it gradually started to fill with unwanted blood. Rolling his hips back shyly, just once — there was no reason for the blond's hands to hold on to him like this. Soundlessly gaping

feeling a twitch under his left ass cheek, *he can feel Dream's bulge growing right under him.*

He felt like suffocating in hot pink, *what the fuck was going on ?*

Warm fuzz washed over his head, making the tips of his ear flash bright crimson. Almost in a haze wanting to move his hips again to prove his suspicion, starting to do so before stuttering when Dreams blunt nails dug into his clothed thighs, shoving George away from his groin, "George," the blond whispers sternly, like a warning, "Stop moving like that."

"I'm not doing anything." Surprising himself over his own voice dropping an octave.

Fingers wrap around his hip bones with a quiet tsk, squeezing there before the blond silently dragged the smaller back up. Feeling Dreams thighs spread under him, situating the brunet over his groin, "Alright, George, sit down again then." Broad hands skimmed over this stomach, up his sternum to push George back into the blond's chest.

Dream never removed his hands, holding the man down to sit directly on his crotch. The brunet's breathing picked up, eyes wide when noticing the stiffness under him start growing by the second – Dream deliberately showing it off. Outline of a half-filled cock pressed against the middle of his ass cheek, tinted lips opening and closing repeatedly completely speechless.

He didn't move a muscle, just frozen in place on top of the blond. Trying to scramble his mind, his friend for years dick – *Dream* 's dick poking him. The taller one didn't move, he didn't grind into George, he just sat bored – like nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

George himself would have been mortified in this situation.

Breath shaking still not moving, neither of them did. Muted pink swirling around his gut feeling his own cock stir in attention. A small cautious roll to his hips, feeling Dream's length half-erect under his backside. Furrowing his brows as a million different thoughts entered his head.

Why is he hard?

Why isn't he embarrassed?

Why am I getting hard—

“Didn’t I say *stop moving* just a minute ago?” Dream rasped out, voice laced with honey and authority. Tan hands skimmed up to lay over George's thighs again, just further up this time around. Pressing the smaller down by the grip – feeling the blond's prominent outline clearer by the action with wide chocolate eyes.

Both of Dream's hands right by his groin, fingers in the bend of his legs – thumbs almost resting on George's pubic bone. Just holding him in place so he couldn't move around, it was torturous, the tension almost drowning them, “Dream—”

“Is there a problem?” The other asked darkly, leaning back against the headrest, “Need something? Air? Water?” Acting nonchalant – acting as if he isn't rock solid pressed against his so-called *best friend* .

George bit the inside of his cheek with a huff, air tickling his cupid's bow from where he breathes out of flared nostrils. His own half-filled length trapped in his sweats wanting friction. The brunet subtly squeezes his thighs together, sucking on his bottom lip hoping the man under him wouldn't notice, “No-no there is no problem.”

I can feel your fucking hard cock pressed against my ass—

“Good,” Dream started, his hands trapped between Georges closed his legs – so the blond naturally pry them open ever-so-slowly, voice murky, “Then sit still.”

Was this some kinda game to him?

Does he want George to feel his stiff problem, but pretend it isn't there. Just a tease of knowing the blond is hard right under him, but he can't do anything about it – not allowed to move.

Staring down at his own groin with a pout – bulge growing visible, almost fully erect from all the dripping tension. Dreams hands on his thighs, warm rough hands – covering slender legs.

With an embarrassed sound, he grabs a jacket from the pile of stuff beside them, discreetly laying it over his crotch. Umber eyes snap towards the two in front as Dream speaks lowly in his ear, “Why are you getting a jacket, it's warm?” The blond rolled his hips just once, slowly grinding his

clothed cock over George's bottom.

Heart skipping a beat when Dream actually shows that he knows what he's doing, that he knows he's hard – deliberately pressing into George.

His own cock perking at the action, the weight on his thighs moves just a slither up – a tease. Cheeks prickling with warmth, flushed with pink emotions, “It’s cold.” George responds, voice dark, catching himself off-guard.

Butterflies roamed his gut, leaving fuzz all over his insides. He could play it off as an unfortunate surprise boner, pretend it isn't there to save Dream from the humiliation. But the blond is doing nothing to show embarrassment, so he rolls his hips down daringly, testing the waters – this is all so out of place for them.

Stiffness hard against his ass as Dream clears his throat. Trying to figure out the size from the outline on him, catching his bottom lip grinding down subtly again. The blond is quick to shut it down, digging his nails into George's legs, hooking his chin onto the brunet's shoulder, the blond's chest flushed to the smaller man's back – whispering with a deep voice, “Do you not know how to *listen* ?”

Tan hand moving up, golden fingers grazing right beside George's own hard outline, never touching. The cock trapped under George jumps, a small twitch – if Dream did it on purpose or not he doesn't know, but the action leaves him stammering, echoing back, “Listen to what? I’m not doing anything.” He lies again.

Honey breath on the shell of his ear as Dream finally drags his hand over Georges clothed erection – pressing the brunet down with the hand there while slowly grinding his own hips up into his ass, “No?” Dream mocks, “Why the fuck are you hard then, George?”

Hot pink swallows him as he can feel the blond everywhere on him. Pressure on his cock makes him emit a barely audible sound, the stiffness on his backside pressed firmly against him, grabbing the car door like a lifeline, “I’m not, it’s just–”

Dream scoffs, spreading George's legs more with the grip on his thigh, the other palming once at his bulge. Hand splaying out, running between his open legs, cupping at his balls before fingers drag from the base of his clothed cock up to the tip. George swallows down a fuschia whimper, eyes wide trying to buck into it, only for Dream to press him down, grinding his hips up again, “Did you really just tell me you’re *not* hard?” Tone laced with mock.

Pulse swirling in his ears, his body trapped between Dream's hand and groin. Wanting the other to move, to rub against him, not caring anymore for how they ended up here, *with his friend*, hormones taking overdrive. "Move," he whispers out as a spoiled kid, leaning his head back further with a grunt, resting it on the blond's shoulder.

The taller grips on George's cock again, gently palming him, "Didn't know you were that kinda person, George." The light touches on his stiffness were godly, brown eyes fluttering sinking into the chest behind him. Hips flaring with heat letting the other shyly grind into him, contemplated over why the situation was arousing him so much, skin prickling with want.

"What kinda person?" George croaks out as Dream palms him harder, the blond's hips rolling circularly up into the softness of the brunet's ass. Cracking an eye open to look in front, Karl and Sapnap not noticing. Maybe the secretive nature of it all is what got his blood pumping, the excitement of Dream touching him when he really shouldn't.

With *Dream* of all people.

Honey lips ghost over the back of his nape, leaving a subtle kiss, the blond mumbling into alabaster skin, "Needy," Dream starts, grinding his hips up a tad faster chasing that pleasure, "Almost bratty."

George takes a deep breath at the words, he's never thought about Dream in this way before today – he's never thought about how he would act, the things he would say.

Or every time he did he would, he shut it down. Pretend he hasn't thought about him once or twice while making a mess of himself under silken sheets.

Biting back a whine as the blond remove his hand, stopping the rubbing, fingers skimming up to the hem of his shirt, running up under his hoodie feeling up his torso with a sweaty palm, "I'm not a brat, you don't know how I'm in bed, dickhead."

Hitch in his lungs as a finger flick on his left nipple at George's bitchy tone, hand trailing back down towards his waistline, fingers just dipping teasingly under his sweats. Dream consistently circling his hips into George at this point, length rolling into him as the blond speaks, ignoring the brunet's words completely, "Your body, *shit*, it's always been good," tone deep, holding George down by the hand splayed out on his lower abdomen to rut up harder, "I could just hold you down, grind into your pretty body till I cum."

Brown brow furrow with a little pout, cock screaming to get touched, bringing a slender hand to lay on top of Dreams on his tummy – trying to drag it past his waistline, it doesn't budge, huffing in annoyance he grinds down to feel the blonds stiffness at every thrust, “No, don't-don't do that.” Sounding almost whiney.

A sinful tongue licks a strip under his ear, blunt nails digging into his stomach, leaving carmine indents, cooing into the brunet's ear again, “That's it, grind down on me, just like that.”

Gaping at the sentence, pink arousal shooting to his cock making it pulse. Still, he whines, stopping his movements over not getting what he wants, but Dream doesn't – he just keeps rolling his hips up with an increasing speed. Eyes burning with desperation over the blond not touching him, “No!”

He feels the taller grin against the back of his neck, slowing down his hips so it's barely noticeable what they're doing – probably for the best as George was too deep in this pink heated bubble to realize he had raised his voice. Flinching when Sapnap calls out, “You ok, George?”

Dream continues to smile against the brunet's nape, fingers dipping below his waistline and boxers at the same time, skimming over his pubic bone to run his palm over the tip of George's cock. The smaller man's eyes flutter with a throaty grunt, Dream just aloofly responds, “Yeah, George just disagrees with me on something.”

Tan hands smearing whatever precum that beads on the tip down his shaft, wrapping his fingers around the base and George feels like crying finally getting *something* . The blond whispers into doll skin as Sapnap said something he doesn't pick up on, too focused on Dream's murky voice, “And you're trying to say you're not acting bratty.” He spat.

Ground back on Dream to *feel* him, meeting his thrust halfway as a broad hand squeezes around his shaft, face stuck in this stubborn state, “Touch me.”

Dream mouths at his neck, slowly giving a jerk to his cock that the brunet embarrassingly moans out over, music in the car saving him from utter humiliation. Leaning back further letting the taller rut into his ass, George rasps out, “Why are we doing this?”

Reality sinking in, he's turned on to the point of hurt, *by Dream*.

By sitting on Dream's lap.

The other just smirks into his pale throat again, deep moan getting caught on porcelain skin rolling his groin harder – finally starting a pace on George's cock, “Yeah, why are we doing this, George?” The blond chuckled, his tone driving the smaller up the wall – head spinning with all colors.

Bucking his hips into the hand around him, half fucking himself into it with a quiet moan, chasing that pink feeling, “Dude, I didn’t even know you liked men.”

Dreams fangs sink into George’s flesh at the words, only shooting more arousal up his spine as the blond scoffs, “Don’t call me *dude* right now, what the fuck.” Finishing with a grunt, placing his other hand on George's hips to hold him down, chocolate bangs sway as he jolts slightly from the force of Dream's clothed thrust.

Eyes fluttering again as Dream ups his hand, slender thighs strain from the buzzing pink feeling, “I’m sorry, Dream,” the brunet spat sarcastically, holding a knuckle white grip on the side of the car door, tilting his head on Dreams shoulder to speak in his ear, nose bumping the tan neck – smelling of the blonds shampoo, “You want a title? An honorific?” Cutting himself off with a whimper right in Dreams ear as the blond drags his thumb over his slit, “I don’t know what you're into, Dream, sir, daddy–”

The man under him squeezes George's hips in place harder, upping his fist around his length – Dream's groin circles faster. He just nibbles on the blond's earlobe as the taller speaks, tone dangerously low, “Shut the fuck up, George, I would fucking ruin that stupid mouth of yours if we weren't in a car right now.”

Swallowing around nothing at the tone, cock twitching in Dreams palm he's sure the other noticed, letting the blond dry hump into him like a bitch in heat, “You wouldn’t do shit.” George whispers back into a clammy neck, salty skin melting under his tongue.

Dream stutters his hips once clearing his throat, going faster in every way possible, but so it won't show to outsiders – or he hopes, the brunet rolls his hips slightly in tandem with small sounds over the hot pink washing over his body. Dream sounding a little breathless, but still stern, “You always have an attitude in bed?”

Brown eyes close, trying not to think about whos jerking him off right now, even if thinking about it makes a pulse of arousal spark, half-heartedly squeezing his thighs together from the pleasure, teasing back “I bet you’d like that if I had an attitude I mean.” Dream prying his legs open from where he tries to close them again.

Keeping George's legs spread to stroke his cock faster, shifting his hips up making the smaller almost bounce with his hips quickening, "I'd like to put you in place, that's for sure."

Hand falling from the car door, hastily grabbing onto the side of Dreams thigh under him, squirming back into the blond's chest as pink slowly builds in his gut with Dreams hand on his length. Trying to feel the others cock pressed on his ass – trying to decipher the size again, "You wouldn't, you're one of them all bark no bite guys, I can tell, Dream."

"God, If I weren't holding your hips down right now I'd choke you out till you *cum* ," grunting as he grips harder around George's cock, running his palm onto his flushed tip before jerking the full length again, leaving the brunet speechless as Dream continues talking into the smaller man's ear, "*Fuck* , I want them to turn the car around, drive us home so I can tie your hands on your back and fucking *use you* till you *shut up* for once."

George whimpers at that, fucking his dick into Dream's hands to get the pace to go faster, almost letting out a plea but biting it back to keep this facade going. Why he's even decided to act like this he didn't know – the blond's words making it worth it, making his cock stand more in attention, loving the little game. Warmth spreading from his hips up to his chest hitching his breath, "I-it's cute seeing you try to act like the big one here, Dream."

The hand around his cock withdraws within the second and his left eye ever so slightly blurs, letting out a whiney sound of stubborn disagreement. No time to voice it as the hand latches on to his neck, fingers wrapping around – Dream's other hand still holding his hips down so he could grind into George's ass.

Fingers tactfully squeeze on the side of his throat, shoving George harder into his chest with the grip around his neck, hitting his pulse points – heartbeat thumping rapidly under Dreams fingertips as the blond mocks into his ear, "Come on now, angel, I bet you go out with that smart arse mouth all the time just to get *fucked* hard."

Moist lips parted with no sound coming out, feeling his boxers damping with precum, having to bite back another plea. The blond vigorously circled his hips up and down into him, chasing his own ecstasy as he denies George any.

Dreams own mouth gliding over the shell of his ear as he tsks, "Stop gaping those pretty lips of yours."

A choked high pitched sound falls out as his eyes hood, getting lightheaded by the pressure on the side of his throat – Dream let's go over the choked noise, dragging his hand down over George's toned yet soft stomach, dipping into his waistline to grab his dick again. No time to fuck around like this in the back of a car seat.

Catching his breath as the hand moved around him, picking up the same pace he had prior, immediately pink warmth churned in his gut, resting the back of his head on the curve of Dream's shoulder with a little cough, “H-have you looked at my lips for long, Dream?”

Have the blond had these lustful wants about him for long?

Goerge has always put those filthy ideas away, buried deep down. Years of pretending that he hasn't at least *thought* about it. Not an underlying love for his best friend per say, but small flash images of how it would be if the blond would just bend him over the counter in the mornings and just—

“Mhm, I've looked at your pretty pink lips before, George,” the blond starts, pressing the smaller man's body down to grind his hips up in fluid motions, holding George there like he's created just to please him, rubbing his palm around the brunets tip leaving him gasping.

“How you always bite off too much food,” upping his fist around George's cock sending hot boiling fuzz all over his insides, “Put too much bread into your stupid little mouth, stuffing your cheeks,” the brunet furrows his brows with a quiet sound as Dream continues talking slowly, “Seeing you try to bite off on a way to big banana or some shit, it's hard *not* to imagine how my cock would fit.”

Nostrils flaring holding back a whimper, mouth watering fuchsia over the words – almost drooling as the hand works faster around him, “Dream—”

“Jesus, and then you just look up at me with those dumb needy eyes 'cause you bit off too much again, every fucking time,” Dream cut him off, hips rolling into George with more vigor, he's sure he feels light dampness under him, his own cock pulsing out a bead of pre cum that the blond just smears all over his length with his tight fist. Music in the car almost makes the blond's voice disappear as he grunts out in George's ear, “Do you do that shit on purpose, George?”

Subconsciously he might have, but he would never say that. He's no saint himself when it comes to wandering eyes – stealing glances at exposed skin whenever presented. Forcing himself to hold eye contact when having a conversation shirtless around the dorm.

Choking on his own spit feeling the pink in his gut build rapidly, “Wouldn’t you like to know.” Screwing his eyes shut, clenching his fist that’s holding onto Dreams thigh – sucking down on his bottom lip holding back any sounds.

Feeling Dreams heartbeat in his shoulder, seeing the mans Adam’s apple bob in his peripheral from where he’s leaning back on the taller, everything around them quickens, “Jesus fuck,” the blonds grunts, throwing his head back against the headrest, “I didn’t expect you to have a bratty ass mouth though.”

George whines as his body is tethering to euphoria, bucking his hips harshly but still softly trying to be discreet, ignoring the fact that Dream admitted to thinking about him in bed in the haze of it all, he asks breathlessly, “What d-did you *think* I’d be like?”

Chocolate eyes clouded with lust as the blond pants beside him, “A yes please kinda guy honestly, *please sir, please dadd –*”

“Y-yeah ok I get it, I don’t beg,” George cuts him off annoyed, straining all the muscles in his body, tummy burning with desperation wanting to realize, stammering out, “What do you wanna do to-to me?” Coxing the blond to continue spitting sin in his ear nearing his climax.

The blond huffs, circling his hips at an ungodly pace – his cock rubbing against Georges ass, leaving dampness from under the cotton on Dreams sweat, “Well you’re brave asking that, aren’t you?” he begins, straining his voice as he squeezed on the brunets length – haphazardly jerking him off, “F-for starters, I’d *make* you beg, so that’s bullshit.”

Brown eyes roll back into his skull, digging nails into Dreams clothed thigh under him, “I don’t beg– *oh my god, Dre-fuck.* ” Whimpering as everything became too much, the tan hand on his hips retreats to smack over the brunet’s mouth – the blond pressing his face into a pale neck to hide any of his own sounds, biting down on the flesh there with a muffled moan, the taller man’s noises only driving George closer to the edge.

The hand over his mouth helps him stay quiet, so he furrows his brows with eyes clenched shut trying to cum, stroking of his cock thighing. Sensitive to the warm breath on his throat as Dream whispers with a coarse voice, hips dry fucking into the brunets ass with passion, “I wanna-wanna ruin you, George,” swallowing down a pink moan, “See you cry, holy shit, wanna make you fucking cry, see those stupid doe eyes–fuck, imma cum–”

His whole world disappearing hearing the man under him unravel, his own pleasure right around the corner. Pulse thumping in his ears as he flexes all his muscles, Dreams movement becoming

sloppy as wetness hits his ass, biting down on the palm over his mouth, listening to Dream talk throughout his orgasm, “Y-you act like a brat, George, but I bet you wanna be called a good boy,” hitching his breath as pink waves start hitting down on him as well, rolling his hips lazily with Dreams.

Euphoria fuzzing up his insides, prickling his skin with this warm fuchsia, Dream's hands jerking him to his best ability through the lustful haze, “I-is that it, George?” His underwear dirtied, cock and sack pulsating and contracting while shooting out cum with a muffled yell, Dream keeps whispering filthy words to help the smaller through his climax, “To be fair George, you *are* being a good boy for me right now, cumming your pants for me.”

Waves of pleasure still hitting him not caring to fight back to the blond's words, squirming into the body under him with eyes shut closed, whining in agreement to the sentiment, he would have never done that if it wasn't for the ecstasy suffocating on him.

The blond removes his hand from Georges's mouth so he could speak, fist milking the brunet through his orgasm, “Tell me what you are, George.” Dream rasps directly in his ear, voice gravelly sending aroused goosebumps over his forearms.

Thighs twitching as his dick pulsates, fuzz of cumming numbing his skin, choking on his own breath, “I’m y-your good boy.”

Dream chuckled with a small moan at the words, giving a last few pumps to Georges cock, murmuring, “There you go, pretty, I told you I could fix that attitude,” nibbling a pale earlobe as they both stabilize their breathing, “I can’t wait to fucking destroy you.”

Cupid's bow wet with sweat, cracking his eyes open with a hiccup. Dick lay contracting in its own cum in his boxers, Dreams cum making his left ass cheek sticky through the cotton, “I was cumming, i-idiot, of course imma just agree with you.”

Heart jumping out of his chest looking forward, catching Sapnap's eyes on his own in the rearview mirror, fiery eyes glinting in this dark manner. Tuning out whatever tease Dream was spitting under him, never breaking his hooded gaze as his cheeks flush crimson.

Opening and closing his mouth repeatedly, Sapnap just switch his eyes to the road swiftly, before looking back at him through the reflection. The black-haired man driving with one hand on the wheel, the other leaning against the car door, biting on his thumb, just staring George down with a faint smirk on his lips. Sapnap's eyes drift to Dream in the mirror and his grin widens.

Chocolate eyes tired, trailing their way down drivers body – lingering on the prominent bulge with a sound, swallowing around nothing, snapping his eyes up again, seeing Dream in the mirror, finding the man looking at Sapnap with that same dark shine to his iris.

The blond leaned to whisper into the brunette's ear as George never looked away from the man in front, “You think Sapnap liked your little show, pretty?”

What the fuck.

End Notes

[MY TWITTER](#)

ayooo, did you see the end, do you want a part 2 where they have a threesome?

KUDOS, ILU

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